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JULY 12
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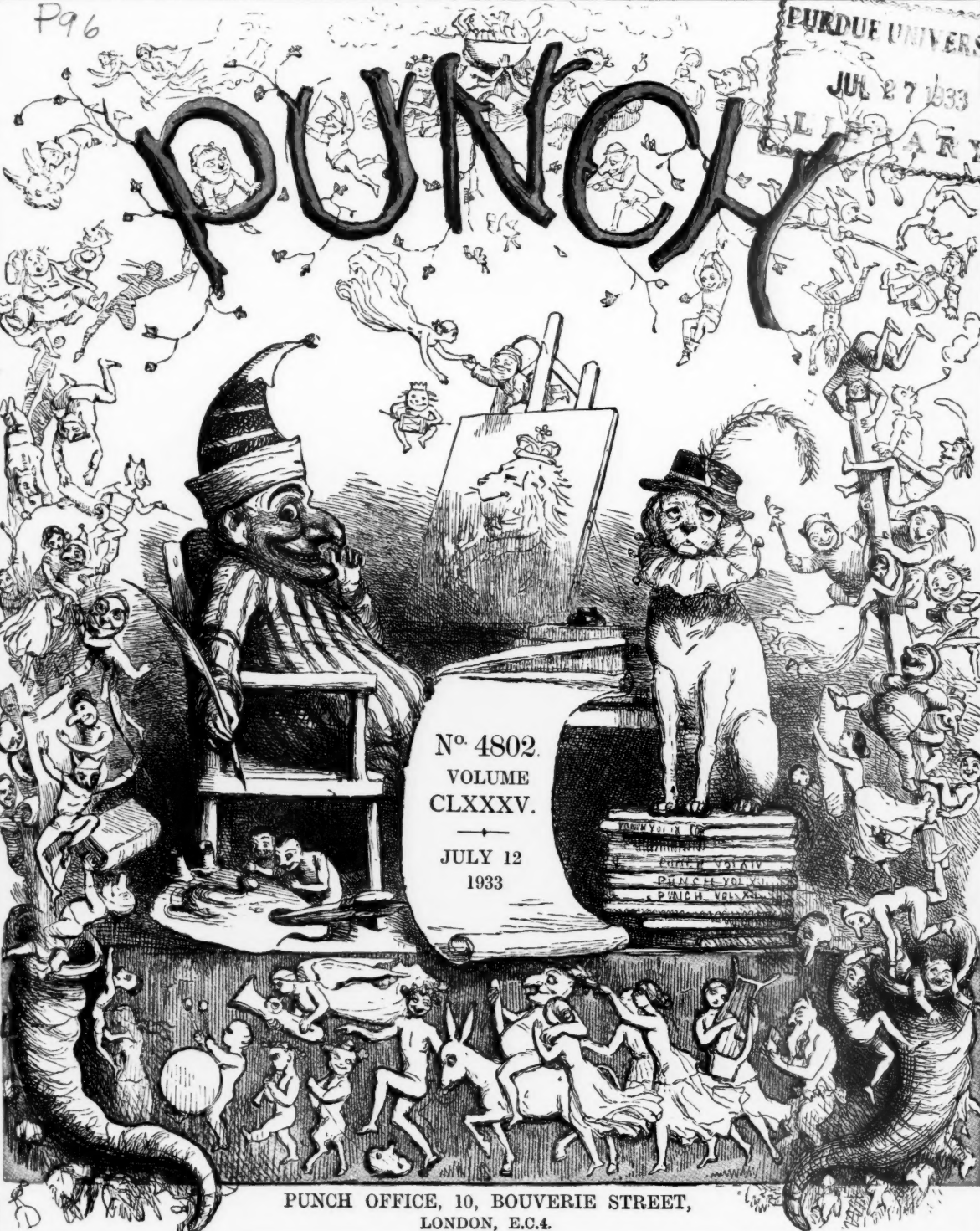
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Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers—Inland Postage, 30/- per annum, 15/- six months; Overseas, 36/- per annum; (Canada, 31/- per annum).

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Charivaria.

DELEGATES to the World Conference were invited to the commemoration at Runnymede of the signing of Magna Carta, which gave every free-born Briton the right of not buying cigarettes after eight o'clock at night.

* *

A burglar who broke into the surgery of a German dentist was found to have been a music-hall comedian. Is it possible that he was searching for some new gags?

* *

"Ultimately," says a critic, discussing Londoners' preference for riding instead of walking, "legs will merely be ornaments." But only some.

* *

A professor at an American university complains that many of his lady-undergraduates are more interested in love-affairs than in work. Putting the heart before the course, so to speak.

* *

There is a society which tours the country performing plays on a motor-lorry. People who run down the drama may find the position reversed.

* *

Herr HITLER's early ambition is said to have been to become a chucker-out. It is not everyone who realises his boyhood's dream.

* *

It is said that people are drinking beer in America now just as if the stuff were still illegal.

* *

A man has left his entire fortune to his lawyers. He was evidently determined that there should be no delays in the execution of his wishes.

* *

Fish have been put into some golf-course ponds to exterminate mosquitoes. It has been found that mosquitoes irritate golfers almost as much as golf does.

* *

"Man has invented the machine and he stands confused and bewildered in front of the force which he has created,"

says Lord IRWIN. Those who have tried to get cigarettes from a faulty automatic-machine will understand the feeling.

* *

An American has drawn up a list of the inventors who died in poverty. Showing once more that invention is often the mother of necessity.

* *

A parrot's alleged deplorable language is the ground of an impending action in the Paris Courts. It is anticipated that the bird will be heard *in camera*.

* *

In Western Australia a marriage-licence costs five shillings and a dog-licence ten shillings. A cynical corre-

window-fastenings, a safety-pin, a wood screw and two nails. He is now said to be on a light diet of corrugated roofing.

* *

Nearly all the dentists in Finland are women. Finland is no place for a misogynist with toothache.

* *

Twelve bus-conductors recently formed a guard of honour at a wedding. We understand they had to punch tickets at a terrific rate to glean a handful of confetti.

* *

There is a great variety of new vanity-bags and make-up boxes. Evidently the problem of the day is where to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

* *

An applicant for the post of medical officer was rejected because he was too short. The view was taken that he would have difficulty in looking at a tall patient's tongue.

* *

In New York there are several women pan-technicon-drivers. Los Angeles, however, is still the home of the movie queens.

* *

It has been found that certain plants tend to prevent sand shifting from their immediate neighbourhood. Anyone fond of spinach

will know this is true.

* *

A French actress has insured her legs for £100,000. Very wise. After all they are her sole means of support.

* *

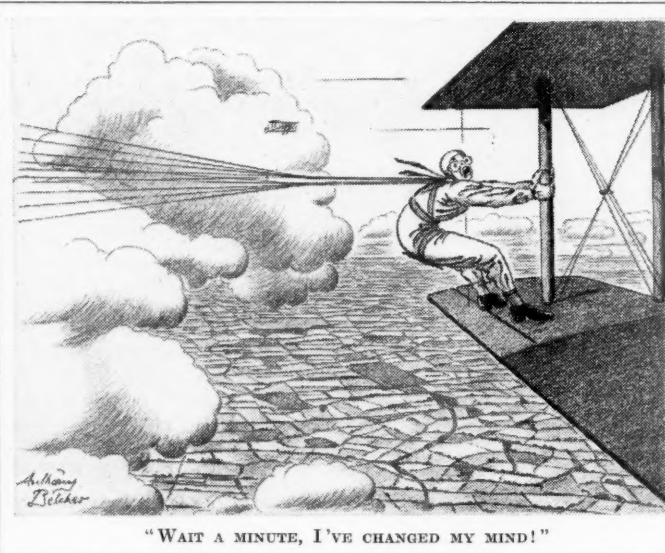
It is being urged that waterproof banknotes should be issued. We should be delighted to put a number of these by for a rainy day.

* *

Smash-and-grab raiders who drove the wrong way in a one-way street off Piccadilly were thought to have been new to the game. That was no excuse for disregarding the traffic regulations.

* *

He who laughs last is probably the one who intended to tell the story himself a little later on.



"WAIT A MINUTE, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!"

spontend suggests that it is well worth the extra five shillings.

* *

A man who appeared at a London police-court could not be persuaded to stop talking. Eventually, however, the magistrate managed to get in a short sentence.

* *

At a recent Society wedding the bridesmaids wore wreaths of red currants. The curious public provided the jam.

* *

For obvious reasons it has been decided not to distribute leaflets among people entering parks, requesting them not to throw paper about.

* *

In the stomach of a man operated on in a hospital at St. Gallen, surgeons found five pieces of iron, two sash

The Autocrat of the Conference-Table.

I WAS not built for banking,
And the men who deal with gold
And babble of economics
Strike me as rather comics,
Bearded and bald and old.
From sterling fluctuations,
From all wild dreams that start
In currency exchanges
My gentle spirit ranges
Alone, aloof, apart.
But I like to see the great men
Who tread with mystic feet
On the thorny ways of money;
I think their names are funny,
And I like to watch them eat.
Then why should President ROOSEVELT,
Enthroned across the seas,
With his obscure assessors
Treat all the earth's professors
Like something found in cheese?
"Thou shalt not deal with this thing,
Thou shalt not deal with that!"
Commands the mighty emperor,
Talking, it may be in temper, or
It may be through his hat.
Meanwhile the huddled delegates,
Who left their homes afar
Where the white hibiscus blossoms
And leap the furred opossums
Close to the Southern Star;*
From fields of waving pampas
And lands of tinkling gongs,
Gather at every meeting,
Their poor hearts bravely beating
Under their white *sarongs*.
They know the various markets,
But who, ah, who can find
(Asks every doubtful nation)
Means for the stabilisation
Of President ROOSEVELT's mind?
Their hearts are weary, weary
As they quaff their ice-cold drinks,
And the wise heads put together
Are wondering what, or whether,
President ROOSEVELT thinks.

EVOE.

The Swastika;

Or, Taking Your Politics Seriously.

Munich.

I LUNCHEd yesterday at the new Swastika Café. Above the door hung the red, white and black flag of "The Party." Opening the door I was confronted by a large portrait of "The Leader." I took my place at a table, noticing as I did so that the table-cloth had a pattern consisting of blue swastikas. The waiter approached me. "Heil, HITLER," he said, "may I bring the gentleman some soup?"

"Heil, HITLER," I replied, "you may."

It appeared in a plate decorated with a swastika. The proprietor came by.

* Inaccurate? Maybe. But how poetical!

"Heil, HITLER, good appetite," he said in a friendly tone.

"Heil, HITLER, thank you," I replied, determined to enter into the spirit of the game.

Somehow his brown shirt and brown trousers did not quite suit his exceedingly portly figure. I ordered beer. It came in a glass decorated with a swastika.

The meal ended, I paid my bill and left.

"Heil, HITLER, Auf Wiedersehen," said the waiter as he opened the door.

"Auf Wiedersehen, Heil, HITLER," I replied, by way of variety.

I walked down the street bright with Nazi flags and the uniforms of the Nazi army. A book-shop caught my eye. In the middle of the window a portrait of HITLER. On the left *My Struggle* (ADOLF HITLER), Part I. On the right *My Struggle* (ADOLF HITLER), Part II. At least one-third of the books in the window seemed to bear the symbol of the party; *Origin of the Hooked Cross*, *The German Revolution, with 147 Pictures*, *The New Italy*, innumerable *Short Stories of Adolf Hitler's Youth*. The tune which was being whistled by the child who was looking into the window beside me seemed familiar. Of course—the National Socialist Anthem. A little further on is a newspaper shop with postcards—"The Leader," "Interior of the Brown House," "Storm Troops on the March."

We Englishmen certainly do not take our politics seriously.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

IX.—Only a Second Trombone.

I'm only a Second Trombone,
But whatever the world may say,
I'm bent upon playing a trombone's part
In a kind and courageous way.
What matters it if my tone is weak
And some of my notes are flat?
Though I'm only a Second Trombone, girls,
I'm not any the worse for that.

I'm only a Second Trombone,
And nobody seems to care
If half of the time it is pointed out
That I'm playing the oboe's air;
But I'm more of a man than a million men
Whom frivolous girls admire;
My face is the face of a trombone, girls,
But my heart is a heart of fire.

I'm only a Second Trombone,
But one of these days you'll find
Some hint of the passionate human thoughts
That burn in a trombone's mind.
They're thoughts that would stultify a bassoon
And stagger a clarinet;
But they're only a Second Trombone's, girls,
And nobody knows them yet.

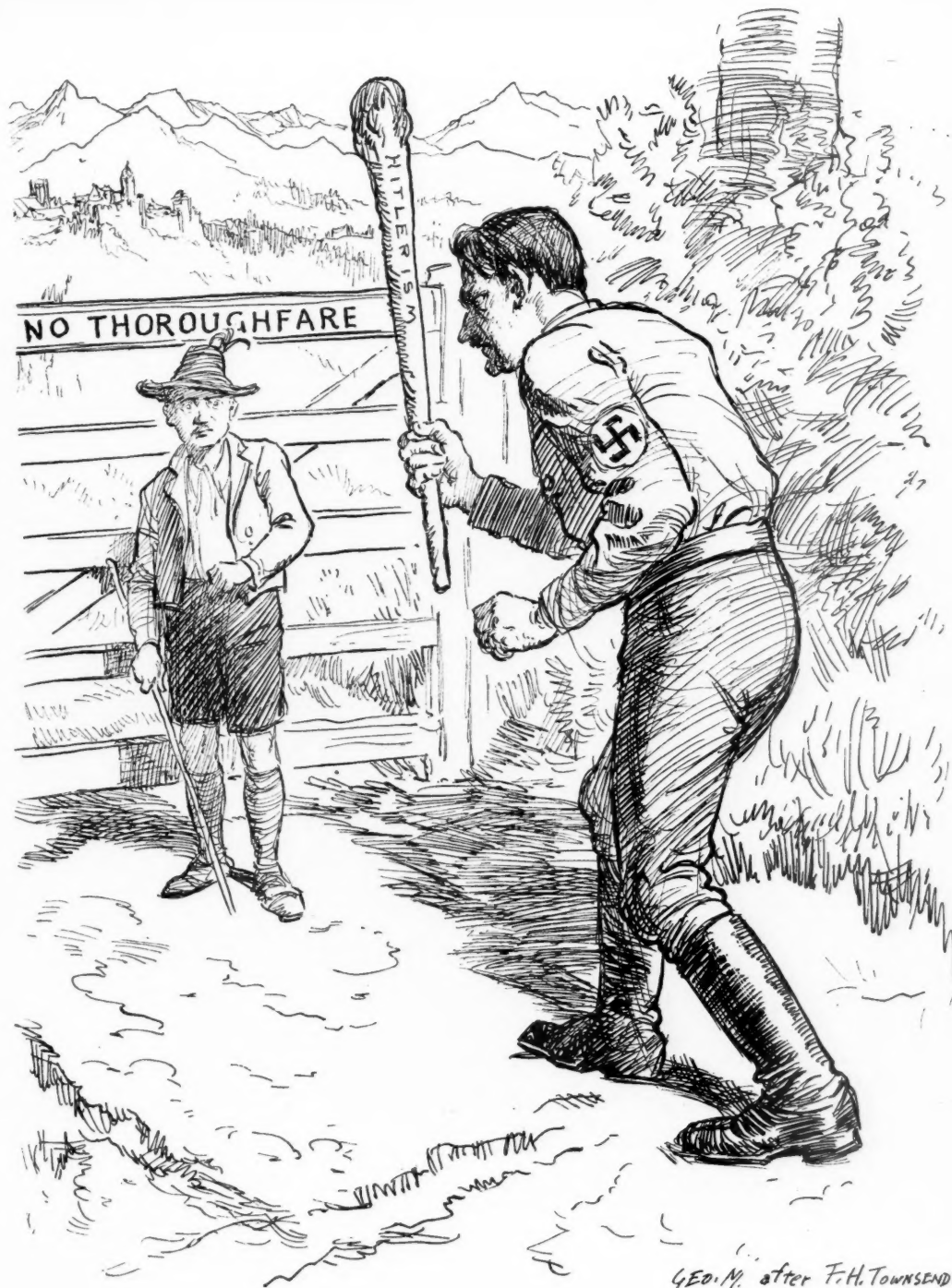
An Impending Apology.

"The Royal Cinema was the first moving-picture theatre in the town, but of late years has been used as a place of entertainment." *Midland Paper.*

The Antipodean Marriage-Market.

"Mr. J. E. Fenton (a former minister for Customs) said that when he held that portfolio he had been offered a bride by foreign interests who desired to get a grip on the Australian match trade."

Australian Paper.



BRAVO, AUSTRIA!

(Vide the "Punch" Cartoon of August 12th, 1914, representing Belgium's heroic opposition to the invasion of the German Armies.)



THE NOONDAY IDOL.

"NOT MUCH OF AN 'OUSE TO-DAY, BILL."

How to Succeed.

V.—At the Seaside.

SOMETIME towards the end of October, when the Manager has had his fortnight in Scotland and the Chief Cashier has been to Brighton for his annual survey of the figures, when the Head Clerk has set himself up by taking the waters at Vichy and all the other clerks have set themselves back by taking it in even larger quantities at their chosen resorts, your turn will come for a breather by the ocean; and I want to ensure that you use it to the best advantage and do nothing to injure your firm's reputation for efficiency and *savoir faire*.

Sound *spadework*, as you have often been told both at school and in the office, is the secret of success in any undertaking, and this is an aspect of the seaside holiday which it is fatal to neglect. The standard of constructional engineering at our marine resorts is ridiculously low. Many men are satisfied, after a morning's work on the

sands, with some such paltry edifice as this—



no attempt at beauty of design or decoration being made beyond the occasional superimposition of a base bucket-moulding, so—



giving a final effect utterly unworthy to my mind of the time and labour expended. Yet these miserable umpty-tumps, for all their ugliness and patent lack of inspiration, contain the germ of the idea upon which all successful sand-construction must be based, for they embody the Mound and the Turret, the original forms from which the mediæval castle was evolved, and it is in the reproduction of the mediæval castle that marine engineering (or that branch of it

with which we are concerned) finds its highest expression. The minarets and cupolas of Oriental architecture, the pillars and pediments of classical times, and still more the elaborate arches and delicate tracery of the Gothic school are unsuited to the particular medium in which we have to work, and the beginner who attempts them is simply courting disaster. But the English castle, with its moat and its machicolations, its gatehouse, wards, courtyards, corner-towers and keeps, presents no insuperable difficulties to the earnest student who knows the state of the tide and is prepared to miss his tea rather than leave the work unfinished. It is even possible, with the aid of wood, seaweed and other jetsam, to construct a passable drawbridge; and once (I think it was at Ilfracombe) I made a working portcullis with a piece of slate.

When the work is completed absolutely unceasing vigilance is necessary in its defence. No baronial castle in the history of our country was ever beset by so many enemies as yours will be. Leave it unguarded for no more than a

couple of minutes and you will find on your return that dogs have destroyed your barbican and children driven breaches in your walls, or even (as happened to me at Skegness) that some uncouth bather has sat down in the inner ward and put his great wet feet through the embrasures. No power on earth can keep a sand-castle standing for long, but that is no reason why you should be denied the satisfaction of knocking it down yourself. So remember—*unceasing vigilance*.

In the matter of beach-wear it is difficult to lay down a hard-and-fast rule for your guidance. At some resorts you are required to cover yourself from neck to knee; at others the chest and even portions of the diaphragm may be exposed in the most scandalous way without incurring the displeasure of the police. Unless, therefore, you plan to revisit some favoured watering-place whose byelaws are from long experience familiar to you, you should make your outfit as adaptable as possible. Don't saddle yourself with one of these—



which have to be rolled down from the top at the more sophisticated places and make a most unbecoming bulge at the waist-line; buy a two-piece instead



(a) This portion to be torn off and handed to the attendant, if he will stand for it.

(b) This portion to be retained by the wearer.

and wear or discard the upper half as occasion and the moral fibres of the neighbourhood dictate. Or, better still, invest in the new "Omni-Purpose" Swim-suit—



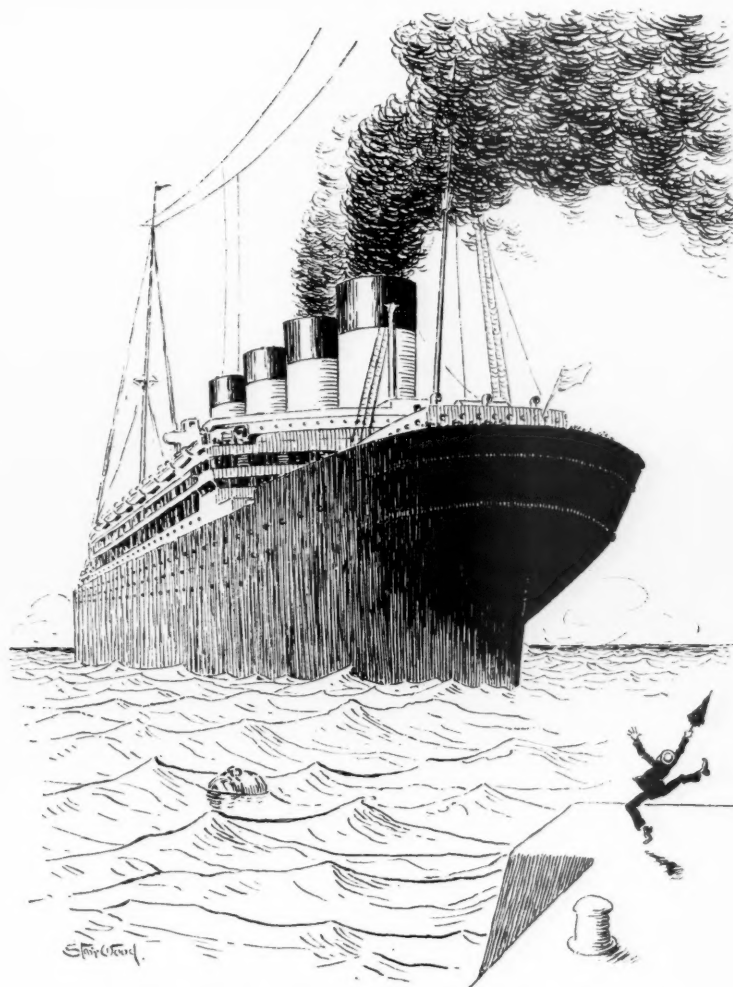
EXPLANATION OF CHART.

(1) *xx* and *yy* are straps which pass over the shoulders and sustain the weight of the drawers *dd*.

(2) *a*, *bb* and *c* are pieces of material fastened fore and aft to *xx* and *yy* by means of hooks and eyes.

(3) *a* may be detached almost anywhere; *bb* at most resorts, but *c* only rarely, and never unless *bb* have already been removed.

and be ready for every emergency. Sitting, in such portions of this suiting



"Hi! COME BACK! MY WIFE'S GONE WITH THE KEY OF OUR GARAGE."

as the local bye-laws recommend, by the side of your newly-constructed model of Windsor Castle, you will at once be recognised by your fellow-holiday-makers as a fully-fledged member of the Brotherhood of the Beach.

You must bathe at least twice a day—and you must bathe properly. No amount of sitting in the shallow water or fooling round with an inflated duck is of the slightest use unless your face and hair have been previously (and genuinely) immersed. The head has got to go under, and you may as well make up your mind to it in advance. Once give the other people in the hotel a chance to say, "He doesn't even get his hair wet," and you will be the laughing-stock of the place. Surely a touch of ear-ache is preferable to the scorn of

your companions at the breakfast-table!

A knowledge of marine matters is not really essential, but one can gain quite a reputation by working on the following assumptions:—

If it's too small to be a schooner it's a yawl.

If it's too dark to be a gull it's a cormorant.

If it's too painful to be a crab it's a lobster.

If it's too foul even to be a jelly-fish it's a sea-anemone.

Turn a deaf ear to any other questions—and a very deaf one to the man who says it's a nice day for a sail, Sir. It may occasionally be a nice day, but it is never, believe me, a nice day for a sail.

H. F. E.



CONCENTRATION.

A Last Resource.

SHE is a pretty little thing.
"You knew Matthew Sankville, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," she said, "I have just had a rather painful experience. Someone told me that in the third volume of his *Diary* there is a complimentary reference to me. Naturally I wanted to see it, but this had to be carefully arranged, because it's too expensive a book for the bookstalls, where one can often turn a few pages without being interfered with; while if you go into a real book-shop an attendant looks after you. Very annoying sometimes. Are you listening?"

"Of course," I said.

"As a matter of fact," she resumed, "I did prow about one or two of the best shops trying to find a copy; but I had no luck. And at a third attempt, when I did actually get the volume into my hands, what do you think? My name wasn't in the index. Very careless of the publishers. Criminal, in fact. And of course, when a book has several hundred pages, one can hardly expect an assistant to stand by while one goes right through them, can one?"

"Hardly," I said. "I commiserate with you."

"So I came away," she went on, "sadly disappointed. You will agree that it is very tantalising to hear that one has been favourably mentioned by a famous author and not to be able to know what he said. I can hardly think of a worse experience."

I agreed again.

"I was in despair," she resumed, "when someone told me that they had seen the book at the house of a mutual friend, or at least acquaintance. They're not people I'm very fond of, but it seemed an opportunity not to be missed, so I let them know that I should be rather at loose ends for a while and they asked me to dinner. I'm not a dinner fan, unless there's a theatre after it, but I went. You see, I had a very definite reason for going."

"Yes," I said, "I see."

"Well," she continued, "it was rather a dreary affair. No one else had been asked, and we didn't seem to have much to say. After dinner I got the conversation round as tactfully as I could to Sankville's *Diary* and especially the last volume. Oh, yes, they said, they'd read it; they had in fact read all three. Had I? No, I admitted,

not the third; only the other two. Somehow I had missed the third. Was it as good as the others? Oh, yes, they thought it was. Or was it? And then they began a discussion between themselves as to whether the third was as good as the others or not as good—all very uninteresting to me. When there was at last an opening I asked if they thought I should like it as well, and this started them off on another long argument leading nowhere—or at any rate not leading where I wanted. So I had to inquire outright if there wasn't a reference to me in it. This left them blank. Neither of them had noticed it anyway, which convinced me that they hadn't really read the book at all, but were pretending, in the loathsome way that one so often finds, doesn't one?"

I conceded that a tendency to lay claim to a closer and more extensive perusal than is the case has to be included among human foibles.

"So what was I to do," she said, "but to bring things to a head by saying how strange it was they hadn't noticed it, because someone had told me as a positive fact that Sankville had recorded not only meeting me, but liking or even admiring me; and you know he wasn't too easy to please?"

So couldn't we look it up? I boldly suggested."

She paused to prepare for the full dramatic effect.

"And then, and then," she said. "what do you think happened? Of all the swindles! It seems that the mean things didn't possess the Diary at all, but had merely borrowed it from the library and it had gone back. What do you think of that? An evening totally wasted."

I expressed sympathy.

"So I came away and went home," she said, "and, although that's a week ago, not yet have I seen what Matthew wrote. What do you advise?"

I plunged into thought.

"Yes?" she inquired hopefully.

I asked her to wait a minute.

"Yes?" she inquired again, more hopefully.

"I was wondering," I said at last, "if it wouldn't be a good plan to buy the book?"

"Oh," she said, "I never thought of that."

E. V. L.

The Feat that Failed.

"In the City to-day I saw a business-girl calmly walking along with a loose bangle about one of her ankles. And nobody seemed particularly to notice it."

"Star" *Man's Diary*, July 3.]

Oh, who can enliven and enlighten
The gloom of Lombard Street and
brighten

The Bank or dispel depression's pall
That holds Threadneedle Street in
thrall?

"I can and will," said a simple maid
Who lends her secretarial aid
To a house of business in the City
And now inspires this doggerel ditty.

Mindful of the immortal fame
Won by Banbury's peerless dame
Though lacking rings or bells to jangle
From fingers and toes, with only one
bangle

Loosely encircling her shapely shin,
Into the City's heartless din,
Through the congested streets she went
Forth on her noble mission, bent
On silencing despondent croakers
And cheering the hearts of stony
brokers.

Sad to relate no cheers or laughter
Greeted her progress; nobody chaffed
her,
Only one journalist paragraphed her,
Noting her deed in a tiny par
Filling only three lines in *The Star*.

Mightier efforts now and here
Are needed to purge the atmosphere
And waken out of their sinister trance
The rulers and leaders of high finance—



"AND YOU REALLY THINK I AM GETTING SLIGHTER?"

"MODDOM IS BECOMING QUITE IMPERCEPTIBLE!"

For instance, if only MONTAGU NOR-
MAN

And Mr. KEYNES and MERVYN O'GOR-
MAN,

Each of them wearing a single spat
Talked for ten days through the self-
same hat

And their voices were wafted afar and
blown

Over the world through the micro-
phone,

Or ventilated by HENRY LUNN,
We might recover our place in the sun.

But we cannot solve the currency
tangle

By wearing a single ankle bangle.

C. L. G.

"WIFE FOR A WART HOG."
Daily Paper.

Fair exchange is no robbery.

"Lady —'s reminiscences of a few years
ago inevitably made one anticipate her first
novel. Perhaps the novel form is not so con-
spicuously her meteor."—*Daily Paper.*

Her star twinkles in some other heaven.

This is for Women.

Why Not Photograph Birds?

QUITE a nice little bit is being made now out of bird photography. Have you ever tried? You have. Then there is no need for you to read all this, for you most probably know it already; but in case you have not, this is how you set about it:—

First of all you decide which bird you are going to photograph. Then it leaves the neighbourhood. However, there are more birds than one, so you decide to photograph one of them, since the camera is all ready. Choosing a bright sunny day, you go into the garden, but you do not at first see any birds. Where can the little things be hiding? In the hedges? No, they are not in the hedges. Perhaps they are catching ants in the flower-bed? No. Perhaps they are in the kitchen-garden? At first you do not see them because they are among the peas, but you soon find them, for as you come near they rise and fly in quite a little flock—right over the wall!

But one of them does not go over the wall. She stays hopping about until her beak is ever so full and then flies to her nest in the laurel-hedge. Of course, once you know where her nest is it is easy to hide yourself nearby with your camera ready until she comes back again. It would have been quite easy, as a matter of fact, to hide yourself before you knew where the nest was, but now you have something definite to hide yourself from.

In photographing birds there are three important things to remember:—

- (1) Focus.
- (2) Light.
- (3) Exposure.

If the focus is wrong the picture will be spoiled, but if the focus is right the light will be wrong. However, do not be discouraged, for if you once get focus, light and exposure perfectly right the bird will not come.

When you are ready you hold the camera up to your eye and wait—and wait. You stand very still indeed with your eye on the nest. You stand very still. You stand not so very still. You go out to see if the bird is still in the garden. Yes, the bird is in the garden. It is feeding its young on its nest and you have missed it! What a pity! Never mind, though; it would really be better to scatter a little food somewhere and rig up your camera so that you can work from a little distance by means of a long string. This must be strong enough to pull the release but not thick enough to frighten the birds. When you have rigged it up so that it will not fall over when you pull the string, you pull the string just to test it and it falls over.

N.B.—THIS IS NOT WHAT IT SHOULD HAVE DONE.

When the camera really is firm you scatter the food at about six feet away and focus the camera at exactly six feet. Now when the bird is in front of the camera at exactly six feet it will be in focus, and all you have to do is to pull the string, which you are holding in your "hide."

And now the exciting moment comes. But will the birds? Your hide is in a hedge, and most of the hedge is very soon between your vest and your hide. Do not move to take it out or the birds will not come. After about half-an-hour there is a little flutter of wings and down comes a bird to feed. How thrilling! It is a sparrow! You tighten the string. The bird flies away, but the camera has clicked. Were you in time? (For answer, read on.)

You turn on the camera to "2." This time you must keep the string tight so that it may not scare the birds. You keep it ever so tight. What was that? It was the click of

the release, so you must just turn on to "3" and set it again.

You will be surprised how soon you finish the film. It is the last exposure almost before you have started. What will you get with the last, I wonder. How dusty the hedge is! Ah! there comes birdie. He has settled. You have sneezed. He has flown away. The camera has clicked.

Isn't it exciting the morning the photographer sends the prints back? He has printed each one. Three of them are very, very clear, but the others are a bit blurred because the bird was flying away. The clean ones show five blades of grass and a great big crumb.

How much will be made out of your day's work, I wonder? Of course, no accurate figure can be given, but at a rough estimate I should imagine the man who sold the film makes fourpence on it. The maker of the film makes a shilling. The man who develops it makes sixpence and each print twopence, and of course the dear little birdie make quite a lot of crumbs.

And that, children, is the answer to the question: "Why not photograph birds?"

House Property.

(See "Punch" of the 7th June; an answer by a returned exile.)

TIME was when we too loved to ruminate on

The homes of England, stately and otherwise.

Whose charms the agents so expatiate on

In those rich pages where they advertise,

Where all broad England lies for us to roam through

(So do the agents) and in Fancy's car

Mounted the exile seeks his future home through

Roseate mists of glamour from afar.

What recks he then of soils or sites or neighbours,

Of drains or boilers, dry-rot, damp or drip?

"Let me," he thinks, "but quit my Tropic labours,

Set me," he cries, "aboard the homeward ship;

Show me that prospect for the *n*th and last time,*

Which in all Asia gives the greatest zest,

Then let me start on that supremest pastime

For the House Beautiful the final quest."

Ah! foolish days of fond anticipation,

Dreams how remote from drab reality!

We have explored the actual situation,

And now we know. *Non nobis, Domine.*

Your Devon farm is pretty near to falling,

Your house near Town is built on heavy clay:

That river place in fact is quite appalling,

Just pandemonium on a Saturday.

Your Cotswold house is really quite a nice house,

But neither gas nor electricity;

Then there's the mansion, colder than an ice-house,

Faces due north and far too big for me.

At first we found this sort of thing amusing

And wandered on, released from toil and care.

But we grew weary. It is not easy choosing

For those who have no anchor anywhere.

So we unhitched our waggon from the planet,

Came down to earth and said that that was that;

After a chase from Windermere to Thanet

Seeking the perfect home—we took a flat!

Like you we once had loathed the chains that held us,

Like you we had prayed for the slow years to pass.

A distant England beckoned and impelled us—

Now we've retired and have a home. Alas!

* Bombay (or any other seaport in Asia) seen over the stern rail of a homeward-bound steamer.



MODERN SIGHTSEEING.

"SALISBURY CATHEDRAL! THE HIGHEST SPIRE IN ENGLAND!"

The Signpost.

EVER since it was erected at the end of the one straggling street that branches out so unexpectedly into three country roads, Mullinabeg village has prided itself upon its signpost. "There's great circumstance in them yokes," the people say.

Never has the black-and-white post with its three yellow arms commanded more respect from the community than it does just now, when it leans forward at an angle that causes one of its boards to point towards heaven, hailing it as Derreen, while a second board indicates the nether regions and calls them Sharavogue. The elbow of the third arm is bent so badly as to baffle all who pass. Old Christy Mahon, whose self-imposed job of directing travellers on their proper course was made unnecessary by the arrival of the sign-post, now has more to do than ever. When no yellow boards pointed, many motorists "chanced their arm," in the language of Mullinabeg, and, boldly choosing one of the three roads, they went ahead.

The sight of that leaning post, however, in its disturbed setting of footpath, its yellow boards pointing wildly, makes all uncertain travellers pause to ask the way. The nearest person invariably is Christy Mahon, the old man to whom his fellow-citizens refer somewhat cryptically as a "nate officer."

Christy is quite ready to talk about the leaning post at the end of the long street. Sometimes the stranger is merely inquisitive about the new and bewildering position of the boards; sometimes he is irritated by the dilatoriness of those in authority. It is all the same to Christy. "There did a motoh come in here be the Sharavogue road," he tells his questioner, "an' it splittin' the wind, no less nor; an' whatsoever happened I couldn't rightly say, but it hot the post a woeful crack an' put it out of action right enough. But, bedad, the motoh was broke up in bits you may say, for the laste hitch is able to overwhelm one of them motohs."

Thus does Christy show his pride in the fact that, though the colliding car

was "overwhelmed," the signpost still stands, however crookedly. Even when it was in action the post was a poor substitute for Christy Mahon—in the opinion, at any rate, of those travellers who are not pressed for time. Others actually preferred the terseness of the directions given by the yellow boards: Sharavogue, 9 miles; Derreen, 11 miles; but such brief directions lacked the picturesqueness of the "nate officer's" helpful conversation. One of Christy's earliest grievances against the signpost was that it seemed to take for granted the incorrect supposition that the

strates the suddenness of the turn by a twist of his whole body.

It is not easy for a complete stranger to recognise the site of an ambush that took place twelve years ago, nor yet to pick out the dwelling-place of John Mac. One traveller returned in order to abuse Christy for saying left when he must have meant right, and *vice-versa*. Of him the old man has said placidly that he was "as angry as if he was vexed"; and he added one of his favourite sayings, "A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind."

As well as supplying detailed information concerning the various routes, Christy Mahon gets to know a surprising amount about his questioners.

"She was got up to the nines all right," he has said of a lady-motorist who paused beside him; "but that one will never see forty again only on a hall-door."

"He was scrupulously hungry-lookin'," he has said of a very thin driver; "if he was chained to the Lord Mayor's dhrippin'-pan he'd never be fat."

The holiday-traffic through Mullinabeg is increasing. During the past few days various official-looking people have gazed at the uprooted footpath; and even to Christy Mahon it is plain that something is going to be done about it.

Even then he will sit on the low wall nearby and watch dreamily the passing cars, while his busier wife will glance through the doorway and sum up the situation. "The dear knows," she will say as she has said before; "himself is a rale robusticator."

"WOMAN WHO SPOKE FOR 13 HOURS LOSES HER APPEAL."

Daily Paper.

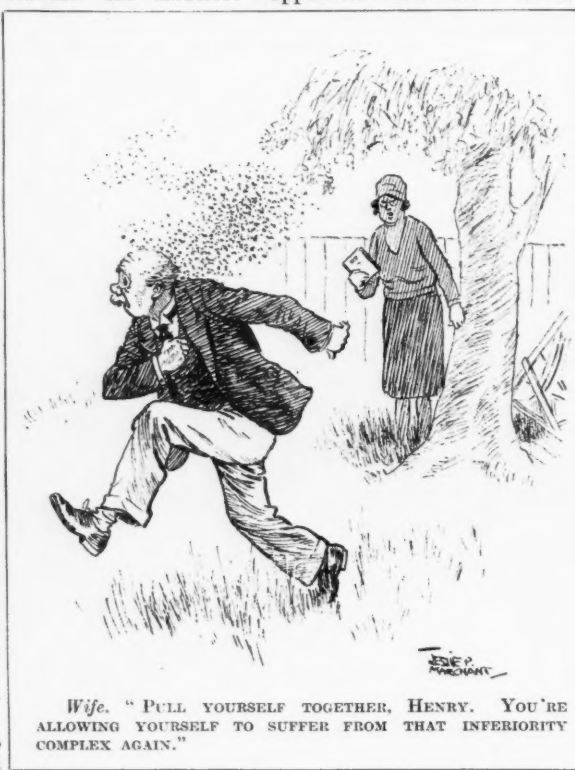
Most women begin to lose their charm after the second hour.

"Robert Wolsey, the American film comedian, forgot his passport, but was allowed to land at Croydon Aerodrome on his face alone."—*Evening Paper.*

And we hope he has a rubber neck.

"Austin wore his white shorts and there was not an inch of room to spare when Great Britain's second 'hope' won the first game..."—*South-Country Paper.*

He must try a bigger pair.



Wife. "PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, HENRY. YOU'RE ALLOWING YOURSELF TO SUFFER FROM THAT INFERIORITY COMPLEX AGAIN."

roads to these places went straight from the pointing arm to the town indicated; though in the case of the middle road this is almost true.

"Ye have the very one road under yer the whole way to the brudge of Sharavogue," Christy tells the traveller.

It is a very different matter with the way to Derreen, and some of the old man's questioners have been seen to clasp their heads and to look wistfully at the leaning post. Amongst other things they are told to go "as sthright as a rish till ye meet John Mac's house, near where th' ambush was in the throuble-some times." They are bidden then to "wheel to the right," though Christy obviously means the left, for he waves his hand in that direction and demon-



Misleading Cases.

Fowl v. Myer.

THE House of Lords to-day exploded the doctrine of "enticement."

The Lady Chancellor said: "I think I remarked, presiding for the first time over your Lordships' proceedings, that I did not intend to follow slavishly the precedents of man-made law. And this appeal appears to be an occasion which calls for a little clear feminine thinking and plain feminine speech."

"In this case the appellant, Mr. Fowl, is the husband of the well-known actress, Virginia Fowl. The respondent, Mr. Myer, is a theatrical manager, who has for the past three years employed Mrs. Fowl in a number of successful musical plays. Mr. Fowl is a Civil Servant and returns home from his work between seven and eight in the evening. At about the same time his wife leaves the home to begin the labours of the day. On Sundays, being much in request, she is often engaged in charitable entertainments or the rehearsal and performance of parts for the Sunday play-producing Societies. Mr. Fowl rises early and departs to his office about nine. Mrs. Fowl, wisely and necessarily, remains in bed till ten or eleven. In short, the two rarely meet in the daylight hours, and in order to enjoy prolonged conversation with his wife Mr. Fowl must deny himself sleep and wait till she returns home about midnight. Mrs. Fowl's success in her profession was sudden and rapid; and it is part of the appellant's case that when he married her he had no reason to suppose that she would become so deeply immersed in this or in any other profession. After two years of these conditions, he requested her to give up her stage career in order that he might enjoy the society and comfort of a wife as that is normally understood, and, in particular, that he might pass the evening of the day in her company, first at the common table and then beside the domestic hearth. Mrs. Fowl refused; she loved her art, and was not indifferent, we may assume, to its rewards. She added that she might with equal reason request Mr. Fowl to abandon his own career, pointing out, with more truth than tact,



"Now, YOUR LORDSHIP, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND PRESSING THE TRIGGER."

that there were a great many Civil Servants but only one Virginia Fowl.

"The distracted husband then went to Mr. Myer, explained his situation and requested Mr. Myer not to engage the services of his wife again. Mr. Myer replied that the lady was of age and capable of making her own contracts, and that her domestic affairs were no concern of his. A new contract was signed a week later.

"Mr. Fowl then brought an action against Mr. Myer, complaining that his wife had been 'enticed' away and claiming damages for the loss of the consortium to which he was entitled. Mr. Justice Trout found in his favour, the Court of Appeal, by a majority, were against him, and Mr. Fowl has appealed.

"The action is a perfectly logical sequel to a series of lunatic decisions

by certain male judges in the Courts below. It was held, first that a husband, and then that a wife, had an action for damages against the person who enticed, lured, procured or persuaded the other spouse to leave his or her side, denying to him or her the mutual society, comfort and assistance for which the married state is designed. The remedy, it is said, is independent of the remedies to be obtained in the Divorce Court, and such an action may succeed, although there is no evidence of misconduct such as would be required to found a successful petition for divorce. Indeed, as I understand the argument, a man might be ordered to pay damages as an enticer in one Court to-day and as a co-respondent in another Court to-morrow. For, though the same wife be in question, the ground of action is different. She may be



Rival. "TISN'T EVERYONE AS DRESSES LIKE A GENTLEMAN AS IS ONE, EVEN IF IT ISN'T THE CLOTHES AS MAKES 'IM."

seduced without being persuaded to leave home, and *vice versa*. In the one case the husband is compensated for the loss of his wife's society and in the other for loss of chastity. This distinction may satisfy the legal mind, but the ordinary citizen will think that we have here a grave exception to the ancient maxim that one bite is sufficient for a single cherry.

"But if this is indeed the law—that is, if a man may be successfully sued for 'enticing' away, although he has done nothing of which the Divorce Court will take notice—it follows that the enticer need not be a lover at all. The enticer may entice with the best intentions. She may be the wife's mother, and, convinced that her son-in-law is a bad man or husband, persuade her daughter to return to her original home. Or suppose that a religious fanatic, in opposition to the expressed wishes of the husband, persuades the wife to leave his side and devote the rest of her life to missionary work in China or Tibet. If the action lies at all it must lie in such a case, for the husband has lost the society and comfort of the wife through the direct persuasion of another.

"And so, I think, it must lie in the present case. Mr. Myer, against the

expressed wishes of Mr. Fowl, has imposed upon his wife obligations which conflict substantially, indeed almost fatally, with her marital obligations. He has persuaded her to be elsewhere when Mr. Fowl wishes her to be at home. The fact that they use the same roof, and even the same room, is not material. Mere geographical proximity for a few hours of the night cannot be said to provide all the essential elements of married bliss. I am satisfied that there is here no true *consortium*, and therefore, if the law has been correctly stated, Mr. Fowl must succeed in this appeal.

"But this is absurd; and while I occupy this high office I shall never be heard to say, as inferior judges are so often compelled to say, 'It is absurd, but it is the law.' What is absurd shall not in this House be the law. The whole doctrine of enticement, as applied to wives and husbands, is antiquated nonsense. It is founded on two barbarous notions, both of which, I had thought, were recognised as obsolete: first, that a wife was the property of her husband—a chattel, a slave, classed with a man's horse, ox and ass, as a thing not to be coveted by his neighbour, and therefore having a money value; and second (though this

is but a corollary of the first), that a woman had no mind of her own and was incapable of choosing between right and wrong. Any man who was present was able to sway her into any course of action: therefore her husband was deemed to have coerced her into any wrongful act done in his presence, and, if she went away with any other man, she must have gone by persuasion and not of her own free will and choice.

"The wife, then, was a sort of slave; and in the old authorities the husband's rights were described as the right to *consortium et servitium*, though I notice that learned counsel in these days delicately omit the last two words. As a sort of slave, the husband could compel her to remain in his house; and it followed from that that he had a right of action against anyone who took the feeble-minded creature away. But he can no longer compel her to live with him, by judicial process or otherwise, and the reasonable opinion is that the other right of action has perished also. The wife can leave her husband's house by her own choice whenever she will and no man may order her back; nor can she be divorced for going away. She cannot be divorced for going away, nor will she be punished in any manner: her husband may not hold her by force,

nor will the Courts compel her to make him a money payment. The reason of this is that woman has improved her status. She has the right to choose where she will live, and is deemed to have the discretion to make that choice upon sufficient grounds. The law assumes that, as a reasonable person, she will not leave her husband without carefully considering what she owes to him and to the marriage bond, the ties of old affection and her own good name. Therefore the law will not punish or restrain her going away. But how, then, can it be equitable to punish a third party? How can the same woman be deemed worthy to defy the commands of a husband, but unable to resist the blandishments of a stranger? We have been reminded that an action will lie against a person who induces a servant to break a contract. No doubt; but there is also an action for damages against the servant, so there is no injustice there. And I am compelled to say again that a wife no longer has the status of a servant, so that the parallel is false. Nor can we say that she can be 'enticed' away from her husband unless we mean that although she went away her real desire was to stay with him; which is to say that at law she still has the status of

an imbecile or infant, and cannot be trusted to make decisions of her own.

"But the height of absurdity is reached when it is sought to give the same supposed right of action to the wife, and permit her to claim damages from a woman who has 'enticed' her husband away. For this is to introduce two entirely new dectrines to the English law; first, that a husband too is a sort of chattel, having an assessable money-value; and, secondly, that he is, at law, as feeble-minded as the woman was.

"My Lords, all this is bunk. A wife has never been able to recover damages from a female co-respondent or intervener, for the reason that the husband was never her chattel. The action for enticement is a crude attempt to introduce that doctrine by the back-door, and it is astonishing that any judge should have been found to encourage it. The barbarous idea that either spouse can be valued in cash by a jury ought not at this date to be extended but abolished utterly.

"What has happened here has happened often before in the history of our laws. Some mediæval conception is at last swept away by statute or the Courts, but the work is not done thoroughly, and the off-shoots, the

out-houses, as it were, of the main structure are allowed to remain, forgotten and neglected. Then some cunning jurist discovers one of the moss-grown out-houses and exhibits it to the Courts as a venerable structure with an independent existence which ought to be preserved. Its origin is forgotten; it is cleaned, buttressed and painted; and before we know where we are the Courts are busily adding new stories to it. Let us be thankful, then, that there is at least one woman with a mind of her own. If this appeal be allowed no wife will be able to choose a profession and no employer to employ a wife with security. I hold that the action does not lie. The appeal must be dismissed."

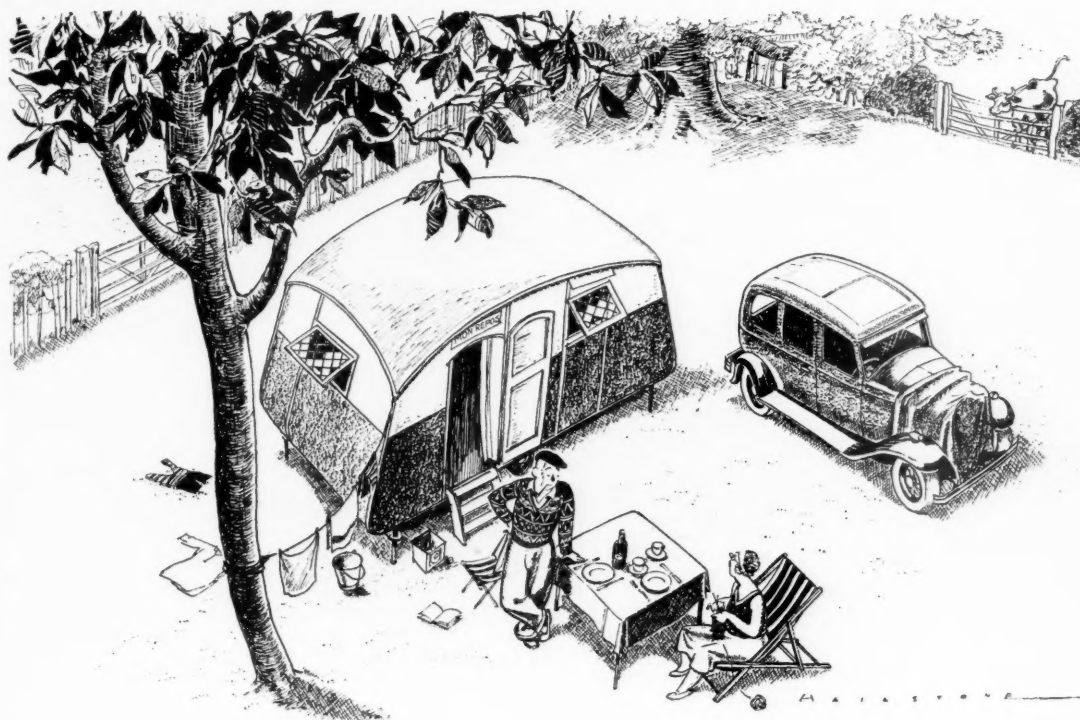
Their Lordships, trembling, concurred. A. P. H.

Cooler Devotions.

"8.0.—Shirt service, conducted by Dean Inge."—*South-Country Paper*.

"The train will run at reduced speed at certain points between Tunbridge Wells and Battle to view the East Sussex scenery." *Railway Handbill*.

The railways have been a long time thinking of that.



"YES, ERMYNTRUDE, I FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT PRESERVING THE CHARACTER OF RURAL ENGLAND."



Tender-hearted Little Girl. "OH, MUMMY, A BABY JELLY-FISH! OUGHTN'T WE TO PUT IT BACK IN THE SEA? IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF IT'S WANTING ITS MOTHER."

English Cricket Literature.

You can say what you like, but cricket is still the great summer game of England. The younger generation seems to be taking the field with unabated zest. Yet I am not altogether satisfied.

If the ambitious boy is to make his name at cricket and help to keep the public interest alive, his home-work hours, usually set aside for English Composition, must be utilised for the writing of powerful trenchant and provocative essays on the game.

Should these few words of mine come to the notice of the Education Authorities, I hope they will be acted upon, and in the near future I shall expect examination-papers to include a section on the following lines:—

ENGLISH COMPOSITION (CRICKET).

(Two hours. Only six questions may be attempted.)

1. Write a short essay on HOBBS's Literary Style. In what respects, if any, does it differ from the style of contemporary Cricket Authors. Give quotations where possible.

2. Discuss the rise of the "Exclusive Article" in Cricket Literature and give a concise summary of the lives of HENDREN, TATE, BRADMAN (the white BRADMAN) and FAIRFAX. Whom do you think is the greatest force among this school of writers?

3. Trace the influence of LARWOOD on English Cricket Literature.

4. Analyse JARDINE's early writings. Would you say that his style derived from that of WARNER or TENNYSON? (Lord LIONEL, not Lord ALFRED.)

5. Give extracts from any of the works of ARMSTRONG, pointing out the pungency of his diction and showing the unique nature of his contribution to the *belles lettres* of Cricket.

6. Give a brief summary of one of the following works:—

- (a) LARWOOD's *Body-Line*
- (b) BRUCE HARRIS's *Jardine Justified*.
- (c) MAILEY's *And then Came Larwood*.

Comment on the author's powers of imagery and rhetoric.

7. Which Professional - Cricketer Author introduced the "familiar reference" ornament into Cricket Literature; i.e., alluding to R. E. S. WYATT as BOB, and A. P. F. CHAPMAN as PERCY? Discuss the merits of this style, giving other examples.

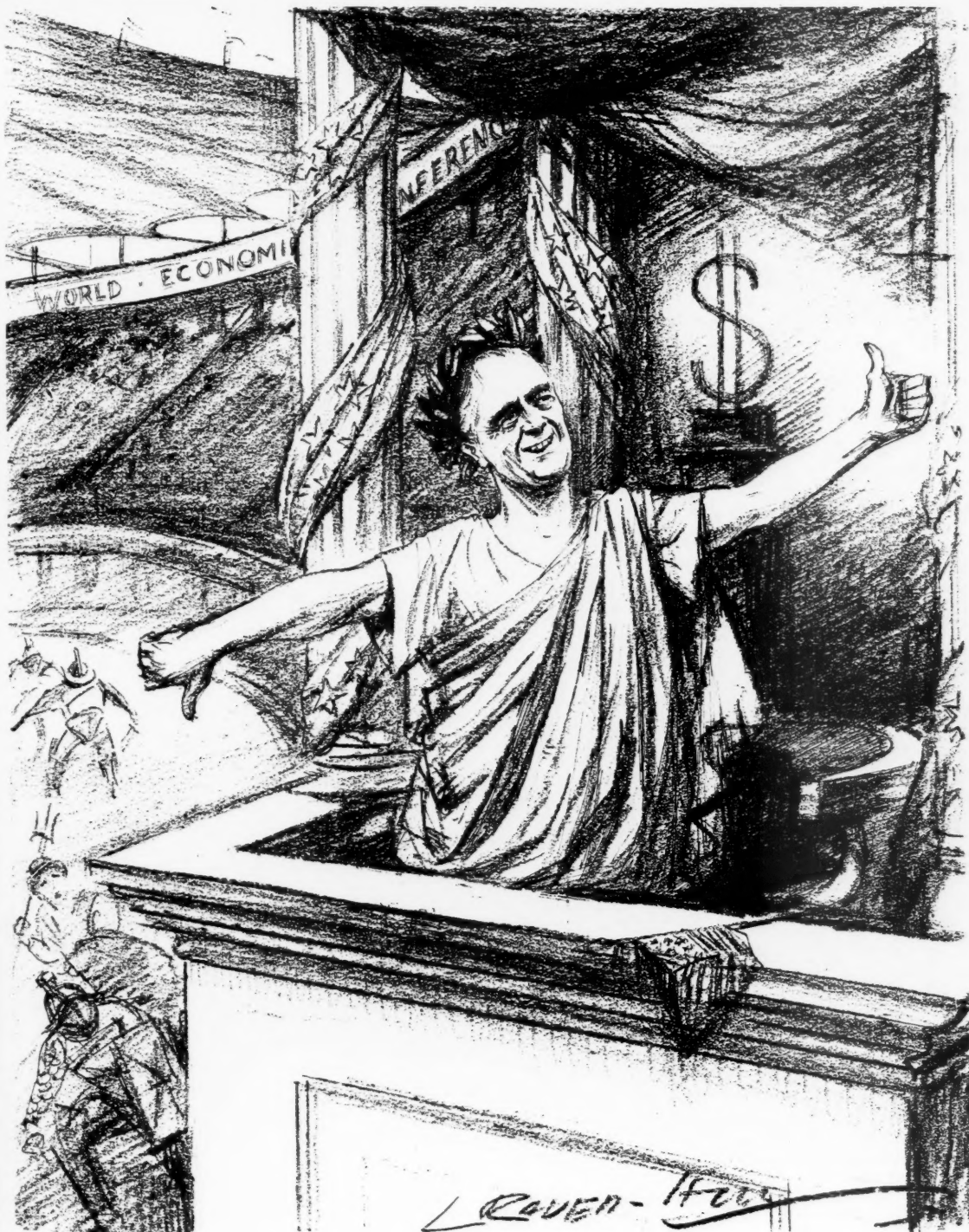
8. Comment on the disputed authorship of *What's Wrong with English Cricket*? Do you think the work was written by SHAKESPEARE, the Cumberland fast-bowler, or by BACON of *The Daily Express*? Give adequate reasons for your answer.

9. What is the "Noball Prize for Cricket Literature"? Do you think TATE will get it, or MAILEY?

10. Give the authorship and text of the following well-known quotations:—

- (a) "The Selection Committee were all wrong."
- (b) "The game was played in the best sporting spirit."
- (c) "I naturally resented not being included in the Eleven, and I showed my resentment."
- (d) "It was Cricket!"
- (e) "It wasn't Cricket!"
- (f) "There is no doubt that DOX didn't like my bowling."

Any young schoolboy cricketer consistently failing in a Paper of this sort should, in his own interests, be advised to take up Bowls.



THUMBS ACROSS THE SEA.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, THE FINANCIAL NERO. "I FEEL SO MUCH HAPPIER AND MORE INDEPENDENT WHEN I TURN ONE OF THEM UP AND THE OTHER DOWN."

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Essence of Parliament.

Monday, July 3rd.—Mr. LAMBERT, whose politics may be described as "Agricultural Liberal," asked the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE when he thought that, with the Government's assistance, British livestock and milk-product farmers would get a price for their products adequate to the cost of production. Major ELLIOT, obviously unable to fix a date for it, was content to reply that the Government were taking steps. "Was the MINISTER aware," chipped in Lieut.-Colonel ACLAND-TROYTE, "that things were getting worse every day?"

No Minister of spirit could of course be aware of anything of the sort. On the contrary, replied Major ELLIOT, there had in some places been a rise in sheep. At this several agricultural Members also rose, but the SPEAKER hurried on to Irish Free State cattle, which, Brigadier-General BROWN asserted, could be got across the Ulster border any night for ten shillings a head. Was not that why 8,500 more cattle had been exported to this country from Ulster in March-May, 1933, than in the previous year? Major ELLIOT cautiously referred his embarrassing interlocutor to the Board of Trade.

That the nation possesses many valuable woods, though none quite so picturesque as Sir KINGSLEY, was revealed when the House went into Committee on the Forestry Department's Vote. Mr. HORE-BELISHA stated that of the Commission's 850,000 acres of land 284,000 were woodlands, and it had contributed by private or local public effort to the afforestation of another 95,000 acres.

Mr. D. GRENFELL, himself a Forestry Commissioner, pointed out that he was moving a reduction of the Vote (as the Rules required him to do) in order to ask the Government for more money. Instead of the £11,000,000 spread over ten years which they had been promised, they were now made to do with a beggarly £6,000,000. Yet £1,000,000

spent on forestry employed no fewer than 7,400 people—far more than in any other industry. Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS objected to spending public money on afforestation; but the Earl

on forestry, while Sir GEORGE COURT-HOPE, obviously torn between his duty as a minor Government Member to prove the adequacy of the grant and his desire as a Forestry Commissioner to get more, was content to give a good account of the Commission's stewardship.

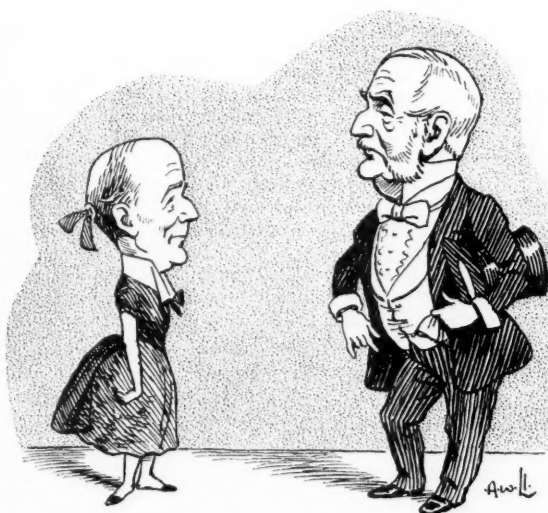
This country, he said, was quite able to compete with foreign countries as a grower of soft woods, and, if the difficulties of transport could be overcome, could supply a million tons of pit-timber to the mines every year.

Tuesday, July 4th.—If a cat may look at a king it is equally proverbial that a peer may look at a pig. Anyway, a whole House of Peers looked to-night at a Pig-Marketing Scheme (1933) and the Special Order thereunder that has already passed the Commons, and apparently found them adequate. Lord DE LA WARR explained that the general object was to raise the British produced percentage of British consumed bacon and ham from 15 to 30 per cent. in three years. Lord STRACHIE hoped the

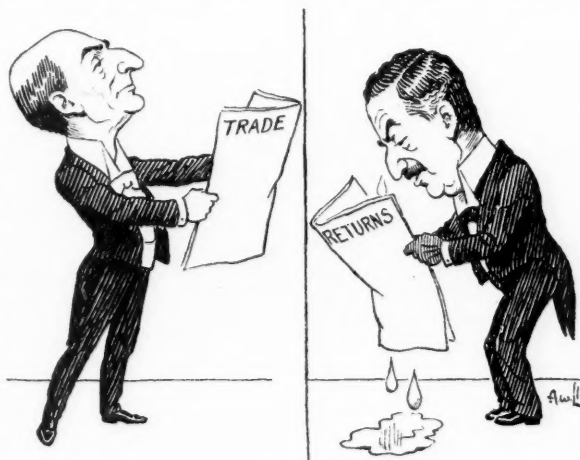
pig-breeder would not have to wait too long for these promised benefits, to which Lord DE LA WARR replied that since last November pig prices had already gone up between 12 and 15 per cent. Anyway, it was for the farmers to say whether they wanted these marketing schemes or not.

The LORD CHANCELLOR then moved the Second Reading of the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Bill, which provides that a British woman shall not lose her nationality in case of marriage unless she acquires that of her husband under the law of the State to which he owes allegiance. The scope of the Bill could not be wider, he explained, in the absence of general imperial agreement, which had not been reached.

Lord DICKINSON opposed the Bill and said that it had been received "almost with execration" by the women's organisations who had been fighting for the right of British women to remain British, no matter whom they married. Lords BUCKMASTER, SNELL and DANESFORT supported Lord DICKINSON, Lord SNELL divagating from his



A LECTURE IN PARLIAMENTARY DEPORTMENT.
Gentleman Turveydrop (to his pupil). "WE DO OUR BEST TO POLISH—POLISH—POLISH!"
Left to Right: MR. RUNCIMAN AND MR. LANSBURY.



L' ALLEGRO AND IL PENSIEROSO.
DR. BURGIN AND SIR HERBERT SAMUEL.

without a lot of their timber, and that in any forthcoming trade agreement their quota should be cut down. Mr. LANSBURY, emerging from the sun-drenched wastes of Bromley-atte-Bow, added his plea for a more generous expenditure

subject long enough to give their Lordships a bachelor's definition of love that would never have satisfied *Romeo*. Lord RENNEL, in a maiden speech—if a speech on so matronly a topic can be thus described—took the line that half a loaf was better than no bread. He too hoped that a more comprehensive measure would soon be forthcoming.

The Commons devoted themselves to the Board of Trade Vote, prefaced by a lively discussion as to whether the absence of the PRESIDENT from the early stages of the discussion (he being elsewhere trying to pump oxygen into the weary lungs of the Economic Conference) was excusable or was treating the House, as Mr. LANSBURY put it, "with scant courtesy." There were a number of speeches, this being the sort of topic that commends itself to the Opposition mentality, and the verdict was "Not Guilty, but don't do it again." Mr. MCGOVERN's bright suggestion that they should all go bathing until the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE turned up was not adopted, and Dr. BURGIN proceeded to prove, with statistical blows and knocks, that, though the future outlook was uncertain, the clouds were definitely rolling by. Mr. HALL thought the MINISTER's figures specious, and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL waved the Cobdenite fist against Ottawa and sundry. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS wanted the control of all foreign trade by Governments, while Mr. BOOTHBY welcomed the utterances of President ROOSEVELT as having given economic internationalism its well-deserved quietus. Mr. RUNCIMAN then arrived and told Sir STAFFORD that his panacea had had not been propounded at the Economic Conference because it would have been promptly rejected by 65 votes to 1. Even that one vote, however, was in favour of a general raising of wholesale prices as a *sine qua non* of economic recovery. Thereafter the PRESIDENT surveyed the economic world with impartial view, informed a gratified House that Latvia was taking more red herrings, and, while discreetly approving international agreement in economic matters, omitted with even more discretion to tell the House that the Economic Peace Ship had been rudely torpedoed—almost *spurlös versenkt*, in fact—by a salvo of depreciated dollars from the

guns of that erratic warship the U.S.S. President Roosevelt.

Wednesday, July 5th.—With a devotion to duty made more conspicuous by the thermometer the Lords devoted their afternoon to the macabre topic of County Court costs, which Lord LISTOWEL, who raised the matter, said were far too high. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that no complaints had reached him about the County Court. Costs were high because litigants wanted the best counsel that money could buy. If they went to Bond Street they must pay Bond Street prices.

He might have added that one can go to Bond Street and still find oneself in Queer Street.

Asked by Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE about anti-missionary agitation in Cairo, Sir J. SIMON said that a Moslem

before? persisted Mr. MALLALIEU, who seemed somehow to feel that his title as the House's champion flag-pole-squatter was in danger. The FIRST LORD could not remember off-hand. "But if the hon. Member will disclose the device of his party I shall consider it with dispassionate interest," he added. Fortunately the meteor flag of Little England has not yet terrific burned.

The House went into Committee of Supply on the Foreign Office Vote. This enabled Mr. LANSBURY to call the Japanese international pirates and Herr HITLER a brutal, ruthless and barbarous persecutor of women and children. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, with his courtly Spanish grace, said what amounted to much the same thing, and Brigadier-General SPEARS told Herr HITLER what would happen to him if "the most irregular of German irregular troops" invaded Austrian territory.

The UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS referred in tones of modest self-satisfaction, to the release of the British prisoners in Russia. A bouquet or two at least should have been forthcoming, he intimated, from the Opposition, so free, on all occasions, with its brickbats.

After Colonel WEDGWOOD had hoped nobody would speak unkindly of the United States, and Miss GRAVES had welcomed the visit of the King of Iraq, and Captain McEWEN had regarded any relations with Russia as a "humiliating necessity," and Mr. MANDER had given Liberia what Mr. AL CAPONE would call "the works," and pretty nearly everybody had spoken not merely unkindly but in terms of extreme repulsion of Herr HITLER and all his Nazi works, Sir JOHN SIMON replied.

His manner was as mild and judicial as the occasion demanded, but one gathered that he agreed with nearly everybody.

Golf Note.

"The Amateur Championship cup is so large that six quarts of champagne were required to fill it."—*Daily Paper*. But they were evidently found.

"Wanted by young man (age 21), working in Clacton for summer, a small bedroom, about 7 dinners, 5 teas and 1 breakfast."—*Local Paper*.

He gets hungrier in the evenings, you see.



THE BEAR'S PROGRESS.

(From Bear Garden to Garden of Eden?)

girl-pupil at a mission school had been beaten by one of the teachers for disobedience and rudeness, and this had been wrongly construed as an attempt to make her adopt the Christian faith.

One can only suppose that in Egypt politeness and obedience are regarded as strictly Christian virtues.

The threatened flying from the White Star liner *Doric* of a private flag incorporating the Union Jack in its design and specially designed for the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations wrung a protest from Mr. MALLALIEU. What steps were the Admiralty going to take to punish this flagrant breach of the law? There was no breach and there would be no punishment, explained Sir BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL, since the flag was to be flown as a house-flag and not as the ship's colours.

Had such a thing ever been done

And until some action is taken on these lines I am going to carry a gallon of chloroform in my reserve tank.

Our Permanent Way.

RAILWAYS don't care. Anyway, this one of ours doesn't. The L.M.S. and the Great Western may outvie each other in offering courtesies and facilities, but our Tropic Line would never do that. It has more dignity. It never forgets that it is a Government Department.

It is indifferent as to whether you use it or not, uncertain as to whether it pays or not, and untrammelled by time-tables. In a sordid world of professional railways it retains its amateur status.

A complaint, should one be annoyed or optimistic enough to make one, must pass through "departmental channels." In the early days of one's service one makes a good many. Through the intervening years one forgets them. Eventually, on the verge of retirement, to receive a number of heavily-embossed missives that state that "the matter is receiving attention."

It is said that the accumulated bulk of complaints came in useful on the reclamation scheme that filled in the big mangrove-swamp at Jibuti-Detta.

You obtain a ticket by influence, getting up a petition, or having a friend in the railway service. This enables you to wait two days on a platform (where a train may stop) and arrive at your destination (where it probably won't) to find that your luggage was in the van that was uncoupled fifty miles back to lighten the train on a stiff up-grade.

So we were quite prepared for the discomforts of the journey to Koroko last Wednesday.

It is a hot, cramped, tiring journey at the best of times, with odd waits of ten and twenty minutes *en route*—always without apparent reason. Doubly annoying, as the sum-total of these result in being an hour late—none the more bearable as you visualise the probable desertion of waiting carriers, the hold-up of dinner and the exasperation of whoever happens to be your host.

But the night before leaving things looked more hopeful. Jones announced that we should have a good journey. Melling was going. We were very bucked. Melling, you know. The Resident of the Province. The man who . . . The Big Stick. And Melling would be met by everybody at our destination with a half-company of the native troops drawn up outside the station, and he was not the man to permit delay in his official time-table.

Great luck, we thought, that Melling was going.

At our departure next morning there was an unusual air of action about the station. Pi-dogs were being swept out of the waiting-room. Suli Mohammed, the night-watchman, asleep in his blanket under the wheels of the engine, voiced his indignation bitterly at being awakened half-an-hour earlier than usual.

We saw Melling's private coach attached. While we hung about awaiting the start we saw it filled with uniform-cases, ice-chest, cushions, an orderly and a couple of native clerks.

The arrival of Melling was greeted with fitting enthusiasm. He entered into it. Said he thought we should make good time. Felt sure of it.

Much relief from us. Good man, Melling. Plenty of drive.

One thing was missing at the start. Our engine-driver. A humble link, you will say, in the chain of things. But in our railway no link is humble. Our engine-driver is Mr. Howarth, who, when home on leave, is at Accrington,

Lanes. He too is marked with the indifference of the railway. For him the country is eight hundred miles long by four feet wide, and he carries the oil-stains and enamelled tea-bottle of his calling over that area twice a week. He is a little taciturn at the best of times, and was late, to show his departmental immunity from Residents.

We started five minutes late, but we had made that up in no time. We flew along, the train rocking from side to side. A good fifteen miles an hour.

At Soba, the mid-day halt for water, we were twenty minutes ahead of usual time. We stretched our legs on the platform. So did Melling. He accepted our congratulations.

"Makes a difference, of course," he said. "These fellows," indicating the cab of the engine, "want keeping up to the mark."

He left it at that. We quite agreed with him.

At five o'clock we were well ahead of time. We should be in in an hour—still daylight. It just showed what it meant to have a man of influence on the train.

Passing through the high grass flats at Wurum we began to slow down. Then we stopped. Some slight unavoidable delay probably.

Ten good minutes went. The sun was beginning to set. Chafing at the delay, we sought Melling.

He was fuming and wanted an explanation from Mr. Howarth. We walked up the metals with him to get it.

The engine was empty. Not even the black fireman there.

Sudden tragedy, we presumed. Both fallen out evidently—how far back we could not guess. Somebody said it was a lucky thing the train had stopped when it did.

Then we heard a distant shot, and, after an interval, another. Ten minutes later Mr. Howarth appeared in the long grass. The fireman was carrying a shotgun and two guinea-fowl.

"What do you mean by this?" asked Melling, hardly able to speak. "You had half-an-hour to the good and you—"

Mr. Howarth eyed us with the eye of the railway—answerable to no one.

"Ay!" he said, "I 'ad an' all. An' yo' want it if yo' re gettin' guinea-fowl. T' light don't last—"

Melling said he was on most important official business.

"Ay?" Mr. Howarth was disinterested. "Tha should 'a had special train; tha can do as tha likes on special."

He climbed into the cab. Of course it was quite dark and the usual chaos on arrival at Koroko.

Next morning Melling was monopolising the telegraph-office for three hours sending complaints by priority telegram to the railway offices, Secretariat and Legislative Council.

But it won't make any difference.

T. R. H.

A Case For Inoculation.

"The examination system was attacked at the conference of the Welsh Federation of Head Teachers at Barry yesterday.

It was described by speakers as: 'Wedded to cast-iron epidemic principles.'"—*Sunday Paper*.

"£650 WITH 2 ACRES.—Large 5-roomed Bungalow with bath in open position near Newbury."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

For those who wish to bath publicly near Newbury, this is a chance not to be missed.



Small Child. "If you run over a policeman's feet, mummy, do you have to pay for the whole policeman?"

At the Ballet.

"BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO" (ALHAMBRA).

It was a fine gesture of Sir OSWALD STOLL's to provide so brilliant a programme for the passing of the Alhambra. It passes with honour, and many sad ghosts should be in part comforted.

A distinguished company, under the direction of M. LÉONIDE MASSINE, presents the evergreen *Les Sylphides*; and two ballets by M. MASSINE—*Les Présages*, designed upon TCHAIKOV-

SKY's Fifth Symphony, and *Le Beau Danube*, a light-hearted choreographic romance, a medley of JOHANN STRAUSS airs forming the appropriate musical decoration.

Space allows, unfortunately, of no more than a perfunctory survey of an evening in which the audience was carried to that height of queer pleasurable excitement which the ballet at its best alone seems able to achieve. The exactly right opening note was struck by the extraordinarily vivid and richly-coloured playing of RIMSKY-KORSAKOV's "Capriccio Espagnol," under the direction of Herr EFREM KURTZ, a con-

ductor of magnetic personality, who had made a composite orchestra of picked members of the London Symphony, the Philharmonic and New Symphony into a finely-controlled team that might have been playing together for years instead of days.

I have never seen ANTON DOLIN to better advantage than in *Les Sylphides*—tactfully depersonalised to the subdued mood of the piece, and technically brilliant, with Milles. DANILOVA (particularly fine in the long flying leaps of the mazurka), RIABOUCHINSKA and KIRSOVA dancing with distinction. The *décor* was effective, but the light-

ing much too harsh, a defect which betrayed a rather unexpected indifference on the part of the supporting ladies of the ballet when in repose.

Les Présages was designed in a modern mood of violence against an almost vibrating background, with violent-coloured costumes (including the least reasonable trousers we have ever seen). But there was genuine fire and passion in the general movement of the dance, and brilliant individual performances by Mlles. VERCHININA, BRANTSKA and TARAKANOVA, by MM. EGLEVSKY and LICHINE, and by the bizarre accomplished WOZIKOVSKY in the part of a grotesque *Destiny*. I cannot but think that the conflicting violences of *décor* and dress on the one hand, and of the dance-pattern on the other, diminished rather than enhanced the dramatic significance of the design.

The Viennese adventure was altogether delightful, in *décor* and costumes (after GUYS, by the POLOUNINES), in the gay ensemble dances, and in the invention of humorous and graceful detail. Mlle. DANILOVA was enchantingly audacious and alive, and M. MASSINE, an amiable unfaithful Lieutenant of Hussars, danced with the effortless ease and grace which always distinguishes his work. A brilliant evening with rich compensation for an essentially sad occasion. T.

"BALLETS SERGE LIFAR" (SAVOY).

The fact that there were two separate ballet companies, both presented by Mr. EDWARD JAMES alternately during the past week at the Savoy, caused some confusion in the easily muddled public mind. By the time this notice appears, however, M. SERGE LIFAR, with Mlle. ALICE NIKITINA, Mlle. FELIA DOUBROVSKA and their colleagues will have departed, leaving the field to *The Ballets of 1933*, with Mlles. TILLY LOSCH, TAMARA TOUMANOVA, ROMAN JASINSKY, and the English dancers, PEARL ARGYLE, DIANA GOULD and PRUDENCE HYMANS.

M. SERGE LIFAR presented the *Prométhée* (his original Paris production), M. FOKINE's *Le Spectre de la Rose*,

his own version of *L'après-midi d'un Faune* and the admirable pot-pourri, *Divertissement*.

It is fair to assume from the choice of this particular programme, of which M. LIFAR takes so preponder-

departed master, NIJINSKY. The comparison is at any rate inevitable. M. LIFAR has few rivals, past or present, in technical accomplishment on the physical plane. There seems no one of the traditional technical feats to which

he has not deliberately added some new difficult variation performed with perfect mastery. Yet I think it is equally true that this technical accomplishment is obtruded, and that one's involuntary comment is "How astonishing!" "How brilliant!" rather than "How satisfying!" "How essentially right!" or (even more to the point) "How beautiful!"

There seems to be also a certain violence in the miming, an over-emphasis of facial expression. In the *Prometheus* ballet this was combined with a sustained violence of movement which, however much it may have been in the character of the Fire-stealer, was in its physical effects aggravated by the untoward heat of the evening, positively distressing. Nor can it be fairly said that the elaborate passion of grimace and gesture expressed with any definition the thoughts and emotions that were no doubt in the mind and heart of the artist.

In the *Après-midi* it is certainly true that M. LIFAR, following NIJINSKY's general outline, did succeed in expressing forcibly that queer sub-human sensibility which is a part of the essence of this design; which is to say that there is no lack of dramatic power if it can be controlled and disciplined. It was sad, though, to find that the startled nymphs, who were so lovely and indeed so fundamental a motif in the original pattern, had been removed—perhaps by the iron law of economic necessity. The omission destroys this exquisite gem.

In the *Rose* ballet, while M. LIFAR's physical execution was faultless, and, because faultless and here also seemingly effortless, genuinely delightful, I think something of the delicate romantic quality had evaporated.

M. LIFAR was seen at his very best in the *Blue Bird* excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty" in the *Divertissement*, where his superb athletic accomplishment



HASELOER.

WALTZING—WITH VARIATIONS.

The Street Dancer . . . Mlle. ALEXANDRA DANILOVA.
The Hussar M. LÉONIDE MASSINE.

ating a share, that this performance is offered as a sort of diploma piece; and further as a friendly challenge to a



HASELOER.

PROMETHEAN SCHOOL OF DANCING.

The Woman Mlle. ALICE NIKITINA.
Prometheus M. SERGE LIFAR.
The Man M. L. KATCHOUROVSKY.

was entirely in place. In this he was brilliantly partnered by the startlingly tall but exceedingly shapely and light-footed Mlle. FELIA DOUBROVSKA, to whom besides we owed the most attractive *pas seul* of the evening, the graceful trifle—"Dans l'Elysée"—to OFFENBACH's music, and (for a guess) PETIPA's choreographic design. T.

At the Play.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (OPEN-AIR THEATRE.)

If only it were possible to observe the courtesy of sending a compliment-

felt that any weather was worth braving to see this play so profitably removed from the artificialities of the conventional indoor setting. "A Wood near Athens" might surely have been very like this tangle of trees and bushes, fronted by a small clearing of grass, providing innumerable natural exits for errant fairies and terrified craftsmen. Mr. CARROLL's stage arrangements were described in these columns not long ago, but I should like to add that they are probably best suited to this of all SHAKESPEARE's works.

Mr. ROBERT ATKINS' production stood up to the searching test of daylight better than I had expected, and

MUSSOLINI on parade in a Leander scarf.

Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY was not at all like my personal conception of Oberon, whom I have never thought of as looking so Junoesque; but her enunciation was so beautiful that I soon forgot this. Miss JESSICA TANDY made a charmingly wayward *Titania*, and looked born to the fairy circle; while Mr. LESLIE FRENCH as *Puck* was a sprite of rare malice, leaping realistically amongst the bushes of Regent's Park and sending a proud thrill through the hump of his urban cousin, Mr. Punch.

The scene which my kind collabor-



DURING THE INTERVAL.
SPECTATORS EXAMINE THE FITCH.

any ticket to the Eternal Groves, I think the author of this ageless frolic would approve enormously of Mr. CARROLL's admirably rural presentation, and, once they had been explained to him, I think he would approve too of the background of smoky coral thrown up by the City's lights, of the clank of locomotive piston-rods which carry occasionally through the quiet of the night and remind one that this is a modern Athens, and of the amplifiers which make it possible for three thousand people to hear every word without torturing themselves.

In spite of a savage drop in temperature, which corresponded oddly with *Titania's* penetrating analysis of a similar climate and which made us chiefly sorry for the sparsely-clad little fairies at the bottom of the garden, one

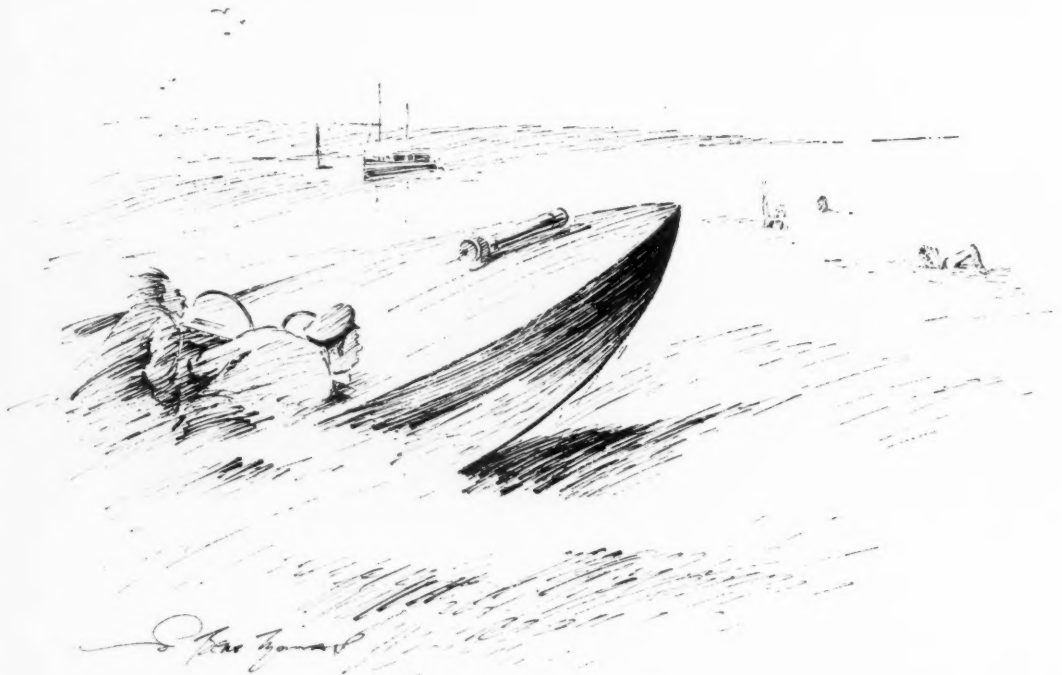
when night fell and the vast electric moons grew less pale in their anger it deserved high praise. MENDELSSOHN's incidental music assisted greatly; and especially effective in such a simple setting were the dancing of Miss NINI THELADE and the delightful little ballets of the fairies.

Mr. ROBERT ATKINS played *Bottom* himself, and to weaver, ass and suicide he lent a fine rumbustious manner and a lusty speech. It is not an easy part, seeing that it is the only character in the whole cast to be drawn in the round; but he managed it excellently, never descending to mere buffoonery and always extracting the full fun from each situation. The masque of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* is as comic as anything you could wish to see, *Pyramus* bearing a strange resemblance to Signor

ator has drawn for you is no artistic fiction. The moment that the trumpet was blown for the interval the good English audience flocked loyally to the stage and began to prod the wicket. One old gentleman covered *Titania's* bower with his umbrella and cried "Middle and leg" defiantly. It was felt by many of my neighbours to be a serious fault in the production that the roller was not brought out. . . .

And so to the car-park, where we were agreeably surprised to find that the two-men's Morris was not filled up with mud. ERIC.

A writer thinks that theatre-going in the hot weather is something of an ordeal. Even listening to a comedian is very often no laughing affair.



"DAMN THESE PEDESTRIANS!"

"Greats" Thoughts.

BREAKFAST now's a rotten meal;
Gone the eggs and b.'s appeal;
Coffee simply makes me feel
Worse.

And while sideboard platters hiss,
Purely with intent to dis-
tract my mind I'm writing this
Verse.

Daily, feeling fit to die,
Gongwards, with ill-knotted tie,
Down the staircase trembling I
Come,
Seize my *Times* and devil it,
Find the place, sigh deep and sit,
Aspen-like. The reason? Lit.
Hum.

Hellish agony of doubt:
Whereabout, oh, whereabout
On the list will I come out?
Can

Anything be done to show
My inquisitors I know
That the long inscription quo-
ted in Greek was really Ro-
man?

I'd have slipped the Don a fiver
Had he helped me to contrive a
Mention of it in my *Viva*
(*Voce*).

But he nearly drove me potty
When, combined with other rot, he
Asked me about BERNADOTTI*
CROCE.

Seven gorgeous terms I spent
Reading Greats with huge content
(KANT I used to keep for Lent),
Wrote

Essays (clean good-natured blurb),
Saw a lot too much of LOEB,
Drank deep of that opiate herb,
GROTE;

Proved the "synthesis of duty,"
Laughed to find "objective beauty"
In a glass of old and fruity
Port;

Saw how Romans learnt to rule men
(Greece had been content to fool men),
Pondered on the good the Schoolmen
Wrought;

Daydreamed with the summer breeze
Fanning my THUCYDIDES
As it lay upon my knees,
Shut;

Stared into the quad below
While my tutor tried to show
Where my theories had to go
Phut.

* EDITOR. "You mean 'Benedetto.'"

AUTHOR. "Do I? Well, that shows you
how much I knew about the man."

Then a term of midnight oil
Brought the simmerings to boil;
Nor did I resent the toil
Much.

Schools themselves were just a bubble
Pricked without much real trouble,
Though, alas! KANT still seemed Double
Dutch.

Just before my *Viva* day
I began to get this way,
Startled look and nerves a-fray.
Now

Comes the agony of doubt,
Whereabout, oh, whereabout
On the list will I come out?
Plough?

The Gossip-writer's Day Out.
"NINE PAGES FOR LADY HONOR GUINNESS."
Daily Paper.

The Old Cook of Threadneedle Street.
"BANK OF ENGLAND
RETURNS FOR THE WEEK."
Notes issued— £
In circulation . . . 369,873,754
In baking department . . . 76,114,913."
Tasmanian Paper.

"In Week-end House, the problem of noise
has been solved and it is claimed that even
a revolver shot becomes the merest muffled
sound to the occupier of the next room."

Evening Paper.
An amenity too often neglected.

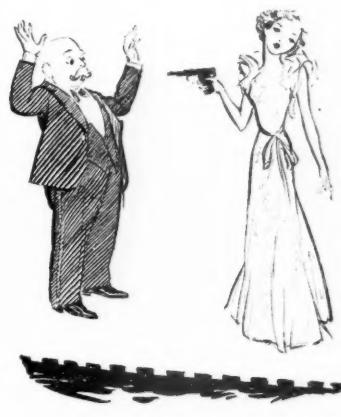
THE RIGHT ENVIRONMENT.



ON THE STAGE—



MISS FELICITY FOOTLYTE—



COULDN'T ACT FOR TOFFEE—



BUT—



SHE—



CERTAINLY—



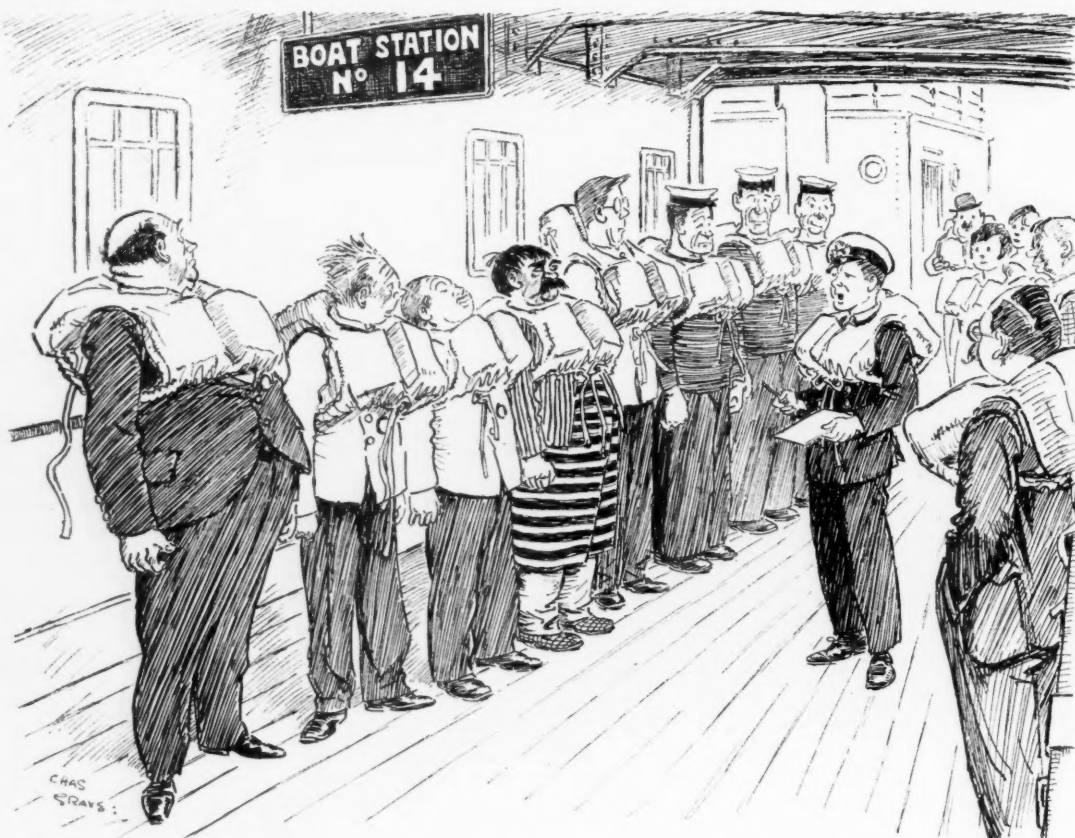
COULD—



DO HER STUFF—



OFF IT.



Apprentice (at boat-muster). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT IF ANYTHING DOES HAPPEN TO THIS SHIP WHOEVER PICKS US UP WILL GET THE LAUGH OF HIS LIFE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Albert into Edward.

I WELCOME MR. E. F. BENSON'S *King Edward VII.* (LONGMANS, 15/-) as a discerning and eminently readable attempt to reconstruct the character of that genial monarch against a dexterously-indicated background of domestic and political history. His main line of interest naturally follows the development of the Teutonically-reared prince into the protagonist of the *entente cordiale*. "He is to be called ALBERT, and EDWARD is to be his second name," wrote his mother. "*I hope and pray* he may be like his dearest Papa." No pains were spared in endeavouring to form the sociable child on the model of his studious father; and to watch the "BERTIE" of a hundred repressions emerge into well-deserved popularity is to watch the whirligig of time bring in some notable revenges. Mr. BENSON bestows a just meed of respect and amusement on the domesticity of Balmoral and an equally fair measure of reprobation and excuse on the laxity of Marlborough House. He sees his hero through both Seylla and Charybdis into the comparatively calm waters of a highly creditable reign, and substantiates the nation's grateful memories of a personal charm that won Dublin after the Fenian outrages and Paris after the Boer War.

A Victorian Valiant.

Mr. JAMES THORPE, the distinguished black-and-white artist so well-known to *Punch* readers, gives us in *Happy Days* (GERALD HOWE, 12/6) the story of his life, with illustrations mostly from his own hand. It is a quiet easy-going book. While reading it, one lives in a delightfully leisured atmosphere of light talk, cricket and pipe-smoking. The author is unashamedly old-fashioned; his paradise was pre-war England, and he desires nothing better than a return to those comfortable times. He is a little distrustful of profound thought, and does not hesitate to state his prejudices when he feels the need for a dogmatic axiom. Throughout he displays a charming egotism. He is rather impatient of reformers, but that impatience is consistent with his character, for if people generally were as good-natured and ungreedy as himself, social problems would cease to exist. But there is no cure for cricket.

Sermons and Satire.

I cannot believe that Mr. PERCY WHITE and Mr. ERNEST BOULENGER, joint authors of *The Centaur Passes* (DUFF WORTH, 7/6), can have plagiarised with intention Mr. J. F. SULLIVAN's tale of that last demi-god of his race who was brought from his Greek island and won the Derby, for the similarity between the plots is too obvious, although their Centaur is born in a racing-stable. Later on this aptly-named "Miracle" wins the Two Thousand Guineas. He fails in

the Derby owing to dope, because one trait of his race had been encouraged in him by friendship with a bibulous poet, and he expresses his feelings by charging the crowd. But there is more than racing in the book, which is really a satire on publicity matters and a bitter comment on what might happen were a miracle born into the world. It is a pity though that the hero's nobility is so mixed with priggishness and his speeches so grandiloquent. In fact, if there had been rather less to do about the creature and more about his associates, who are all amusingly described, the book would have gained in humour and might have lost in sentimentality.

"Come, Lasses and Lads."

The Beauty of England is
A "here-we-go-up-and-down"
Of shires and provinces,
Of "rural" London Town;
Of roads and white signposts
And of taking one's ease at inns:
Gardens are here and ghosts
And long-ago songs and sins;

From a south down to a fell,
From a fen to a Cornish sea.
It goes with a tale to tell
Or a matter of history;
To excellent cakes and ale
"Singing itself" it goes,
And it ends in a Derby dale—
In the heart of the English Rose;

Here is a book, I'd say,
That's both Romance and Guide—
A book for a holiday,
A book for a home fireside;
And I'd not be surprised a bit
If I saw it a "popular work";
HARRAP has published it
For Mr. THOMAS BURKE.

The Tourneur Touch.

Glastonbury standing for what it does—a heroic past and a sufficiently respectable present—it seems a pity that Mr. JOHN COWPER POWYS, who on his own premises knows not a soul in the place, has pitched on it for the scene of a peculiarly turgid novel of improbable manners. There is nothing perhaps—as our minor Elizabethans go to show—more speedily wearisome than bombast and no greater leveller of the nuances of character than lust; and the style and matter of *A Glastonbury Romance* (LANE, 10/6) exhibit both over a haphazard and hectic course of eleven hundred pages. The curious company which Mr. Powys's imagination has got together and brought down to Somersetshire is headed by a revivalist mayor, who, having inherited a fortune, devotes himself to free-lance "mysticism." Around this *John Geard* a series of some five couples, all rather difficult in their unanimity of purpose to differentiate, apply themselves to less exalted pursuits; and an Olympus of "Invisible Watchers"—reminiscent, like a good many of Mr. Powys's properties, of the creakier apparatus of



"LOOK, DEAR! ISN'T HE TOO BERSERK FOR WORDS?"

The Dynasts—stands "at the brink of the deep Glastonbury Aquarium, watching the motions of its obsessed animalculæ."

Only a Murderer's Daughter.

Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR's ambition expands as she goes on. She takes a bigger and a bigger canvas each time, and upon it depicts more and more characters. I do not know how many words there are in *Daughter to Philip* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), but there are 521 pages of fairly close-set type, and the number of names in it is large enough to confuse any but the most retentive memory. Almost one demands a pedigree, a list of the *dramatis personæ*, with their relationships, as in the *Forsyte Saga*. The book is a study of a girl from early youth to marriage at the reasonable age of five-and-twenty or thereabouts. She is the

daughter of one *Philip Stratton*, a singularly unpleasant novelist, who leads off by deliberately frightening his invalid wife to death in order to marry his mistress. The life and character of *Charlotte Stratton* are traced carefully and skilfully, and the amatory adventures of her family are frequent and free enough to provide holiday-readers with all the excitement they should need. But is not Mrs. KEAN SEYMOUR a little too anxious that her women should absorb all the good qualities that are going in her pages? It is sad to find that her male characters should think of little else but the gratification of their animal passions. But then women, as we know, are the great novel-readers, and no doubt they prefer to find their favourite novelist upholding their secret convictions as to the superiority of their own sex.

Idyll in a Park.

There is an alluring simplicity about the writing of Mr. ROBERT NATHAN which is reminiscent of Mr. JAMES STEPHENS. He makes little things seem suddenly very big and big things very small and silly. In the case of *Mr. Otkar*, for instance, the hero of *One More Spring* (CASSELL, 7/6), the calculated murder of a fat park pigeon was of far greater moment to his future than the failure of his antique shop, for it showed him that predatory methods were easier and safer than he had imagined. Not that *Mr. Otkar* liked killing anything; but when one is living illegally in a tool-shed in a public park one cannot afford to be fastidious. It was the same with *Mr. Rosenberg*, who shared the tool-shed. He had never really been recognised as the great violinist that he was, but when he played his fiddle by the sidewalk a surprising amount of money found its way into his hat. At first all that *Mr. Otkar* had to do after he had washed up was to sit in the sun and think penetrating thoughts about life; then they were joined in the shed by *Elizabeth* and *Mr. Sheridan*, the absconding bank president, and he had more to do. It would be the greatest pity to miss this little book. Mr. NATHAN's humour and gently satiric philosophy are delicious.

Irish Preludes.

Mr. H. M. HYDE's success in *The Rise of Castlereagh* (MACMILLAN, 21/-) consists more in his picture of Irish government a century-and-a-half ago than in his personal study of the precocious statesman who became Chief Secretary at twenty-eight. One is so well accustomed to the historians' dexterous way of turning the Knave of Spades into a King of Hearts that it excites little surprise to find that "*Bloody*" Castlereagh was a man of impeccable private virtue and lofty patriotic outlook; but there is something piquantly mingled of strange and familiar in this record of suppressed revolts and religious cross-currents, forensic eloquence and secret assassination in Dublin, while the forces of the Crown, English and Irish alike, are desperately engaged with Continental enemies.

The open sale of "*Boroughs*" commanding seats in the Irish Parliament is gone, but here is a foreshadowing of commercial war between the two islands, while the Act of Union itself seems only to mark a beat in the perpetually swinging pendulum. Other history repeats itself sometimes—Irish history always. How will it deal with the idea of an English exchequer coming, as in 1797, to the rescue of the Irish Government to avert a riot of unpaid lottery prize-winners?

La Bretagne Bretonnante.

In avowing that *The Charm of Brittany* (HARRAP, 7/6) expresses more sympathetically than any English publication I have encountered the glamour of that unique and lovable country, I am paying the book's author, Mr. R. A. J. WALLING, a genuine but limited compliment. A land which, as he says, represents for all time what Britain would have been without its Teutonic invasion, Brittany ought, I feel, to have attracted far more attention from British men of letters than she has done. Mr. WALLING has undoubtedly beaten BARING GOULD—the best of them,

but a singularly poor best—and erected on a sound and modest historical groundwork a fascinating edifice of legend and observation. Ignoring for the most part the devastating trail of the tourist, he seeks the *breton bretonnant* in his remoter fastnesses; and his knowledge of modern research and reprints of old songs and stories adds zest to his survey of the most fruitful and contented province in France.

An Eye-Opener.

Tourists, Mr. EDMUND VALE thinks, have been so lavishly catered for

that they have lost the power to cater for themselves. So with laudable intention he sets to work in *See for Yourself* (DENT, 5/-) to restore this power to those of us who are at present without it. Mercifully Mr. VALE has a considerable sense of humour and is never didactic. Indeed, this is not a text-book full of indigestible information, but a narrative that stimulates the desire to become more intimately acquainted with our national possessions. An especial word of praise is deserved for the chapter "*Seeing Castles*," and for the convenient size in which this "*Field-book for Sightseers*" is presented.

Twenty Years On.

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON revives pleasant memories in *The Lightning Conductor Comes Back* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6). True that *John Winston* is now a middle-aged peer and that his wife is considerably older than she looks, but as they rove over England in their sumptuous car they are as gay and delightful as ever. On one occasion they staged a hold-up, whereby they hoped with reason to bring a lagging love-affair to a successful climax. This incident, in spite of its issue, is not in harmony with the tale's prevailing tone, but otherwise all is well in a story that is both amusingly told and in its way decidedly instructive.



Funny Man in Boat. "AHA! SO WE ARE."